

French. He played the harpsichord and the piano. He hosted more than 1,400 episodes of his political talk show, *Firing Line*, and banged out a twice-weekly column. He claimed he could do this in 20 minutes, as long as he lived. He sailed, he skied, he hunted, he rode horses, he loved the Catholic Church, and Johann Sebastian Bach, in that order, barely.

The world was his couch, as anyone who saw Buckley on his TV shows knows. He sat perpetually at a 45-degree angle as he sparred with the thinkers and newsmakers of his day in an accent just British enough to sound patrician. He was, mostly for our purposes, a true public intellectual.

On his television program, which ran for nearly 30 years, as well as on other programs, in writing and elsewhere, he tested his ideas in a uniquely public sphere. The Cold War was, for him, America's defining struggle, and he tolerated nothing less than the profligate use of all weapons at our disposal. His writings gave rise to what we now know as the modern American conservative movement. He not only helped to birth it, he helped to raise it to maturity.

His was not the reflexive and unreflective rhetoric that government could do nothing competent. His was a message that government, even so-called Big Government, was not only here to stay, but indispensable to a society that wished to protect itself from the malevolent forces beyond and within its borders. The role of conservatives, he said, was not to propose programs that expanded government's reach; it was to propose the rules for those programs to ensure that they work with minimal government intrusion.

As rapidly as ideas bubbled to the surface of Buckley's mind, it should come as no surprise that some required rethinking, which he did with unflinching grace and determination. National Review opposed the civil rights legislation in the mid sixties. But less than 5 years later, he was opposing the presidential candidacy of segregationist George Wallace and growing to admire the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. Later, he would advocate for making King's birthday a national holiday.

He was an inspiration to millions of young conservatives. I remember being a young college student at Amherst College in the late sixties, eagerly awaiting each new edition of *National Review*, as kind of an antidote to the liberal orthodoxy that was taught in the classrooms.

Through politics, he became friends with the conservative giants of our age: Ronald Reagan, Milton Friedman, Henry Kissinger, and Barry Goldwater, before and above them all. But through his magazine and other pursuits, he built another network of friends. The lowliest staffer at *National Review* was as likely a member of this network as the most powerful cabinet secretary or Member of Congress.

William F. Buckley, Jr., spent a lifetime engaging minds, expressing his, and trying to make his world better. Many of us have much to thank him for. All of us can admire this active mind, this kindly, life-loving man, his formidable legacy.

I would urge adoption of this resolution.

Mr. Speaker, I reserve the balance of my time.

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, I continue to reserve.

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. I would yield such time as he may consume to the gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. SHAYS).

Mr. SHAYS. I thank my former chairman for yielding, and now ranking member of the Government Oversight Committee.

I wanted to speak today because I have tremendous admiration for William Buckley, Jr. He lived in many places. He had a wonderful home in New York City, he had a wonderful home on the water in Stamford, Connecticut, in the Fourth Congressional District, and a family compound in Sharon, Connecticut, as well.

Bill Buckley was an absolute delight to interact with. On occasion, not often, I would be invited to have dinner at his home, and he would have people of great notoriety. I would participate in the dialog, but a lot of the time I felt it was best to listen more than talk. I loved the twinkle in Bill Buckley's eyes as he debated people, and me, on occasion.

There was nothing mean or angry ever in the way he spoke to people. He had strong views, but he clearly liked the interaction that took place. He loved debating ideas, he loved drawing you out. But I never once ever heard him be nasty about anyone. He was a conservative with strong views but he listened kindly to those with other views.

I would like to place in the RECORD, A Eulogy for My Father, St. Patrick's Cathedral, April 4, 2008, and that is by his only son, Christopher Buckley. I will just read a slight part of it. This was delivered on the occasion of the memorial mass for his dad at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Christopher began by saying, "We talked about this day, he and I, a few years ago. He said to me, 'If I'm still famous, try to convince the cardinal to do the service at St. Patrick's. If I'm not, just tuck me away in Stamford.'" Then Christopher went on to say, "Well, Pup, I guess you're famous."

Further on he said, "Pope Benedict will be saying mass here in 2 weeks. I was told that the music at this mass for my father would in effect be the dress rehearsal for the Pope's. I think that would have pleased him, though doubtless he would have preferred it to be the other way around."

It was a magnificent service. It was a service where great joy and admiration was expressed and with people from all political persuasions, from the most

liberal, to the most conservative. We were saluting a man, the likes of which we may never see again, sadly.

With that, let me say thank goodness for William Buckley, for his magnificent family, and for the grace which embodied everything he did.

EULOGY FOR MY FATHER

Delivered on the Occasion of the Memorial Mass for the Repose of the Soul of William F. Buckley Jr. on April 4, 2008, at St. Patrick's Cathedral

(By Christopher Buckley)

We talked about this day, he and I, a few years ago. He said to me, "If I'm still famous, try to convince the Cardinal to do the service at St. Patrick's. If I'm not, just tuck me away in Stamford."

Well, Pup, I guess you're still famous.

I'd like to thank Cardinal Egan and Msgr. Ritchie of the archdiocese for their celestial hospitality, and Fr. Rutter for his typically gracious words. I'd also like to thank Dr. Jennifer Pascual, musical director of St. Patrick's, as well as the St. Patrick's Cathedral Choir, and organists Donald Dumlér and Rick Tripodi for such beautiful music.

Pope Benedict will be saying Mass here in two weeks. I was told that the music at this Mass for my father would, in effect, be the dress rehearsal for the Pope's. I think that would have pleased him, though doubtless he'd have preferred it to be the other way around.

I do know he'd have been pleased, amidst the many obituaries and tributes, by the number of editorial cartoons that depicted him at the Pearly Gates. One showed St. Peter groaning, "I'm going to need a bigger dictionary." If I disposed of the cartoonist's skills, I might draw one showing a weary St. Peter greeting the Fed Ex man, "Let me guess—another cover story on Mr. Buckley?"

My mother is no longer with us, so we can only speculate as to how she might react to these depictions of her husband of 56 years arriving in Paradise so briskly. My sense is that she would be vastly amused. On the day he retired from *Firing Line* after a 33-year-long run, *Nightline* (no relation) did a show to mark the occasion. At the end, Ted Koppel said, "Bill, we have one minute left. Would you care to sum up your 33-years in television?" To which my father replied, "No."

Taking his cue, I won't attempt to sum him up in my few minutes here. A great deal has been written and said about him in the month since he died, at his desk, in his study in Stamford. After I'd absorbed the news, I sat down to compose an e-mail. My inner English major ineluctably asserted itself and I found myself quoting (misquoting, slightly) a line from *Hamlet*, He was a man, Horatio, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

One of my first memories of him was of driving up to Sharon, Connecticut for Thanksgiving. It would have been about 1957. He had on the seat between us an enormous reel-to-reel tape recorder. For a conservative, my old man was always on the cutting edge of the latest gadgetry—despite the fact that at his death, he was almost certainly the only human being left on the planet who still used Word Star.

It was a recording of MacBeth. My five-year-old brain couldn't make much sense of it. I asked him finally, "What's eating the queen?" He explained about the out-out-damned spot business. I replied, "Why doesn't she try Palmolive?" So began my tutelage with the world's coolest mentor. It was on those drives to Sharon that we had some of our best talks. This afternoon, I'll make one last drive up there to bury him,